

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

Mr. Honnblower's marriage seems to be a complete vindication of his court practice.

Looking into a glass to paint one's face is not wholly a feminine trick. A man looks into a glass to color his nose.

A woman in Russia washed her hair in petroleum and then lighted a match. Her widower will hesitate before striking another match.

Now the newspaper boys are kindly marrying off another member of the Gould family. We believe the ought to be consulted in this matter.

The habit of giving alms in money to unknown applicants at houses or on the streets is one that ought not to be encouraged. It is true there is a good deal of distress at the present time, but it is taken advantage of by persons who never have done any work, and make the temporary poverty of the industrious their excuse for begging. There are in most localities organizations for the proper distribution of charity. By giving through such organizations the money contributed will be made to reach only those who are deserving.

The reconciliation of Emperor William with his former prime minister is the most hopeful sign we have lately seen. For nearly four years those two have been estranged, and many a time the young Emperor has needed the help and advice of the statesman whose abilities made Germany an empire, but whom he was too proud to consult. Bismarck, too, has chafed under his unnatural retirement from public service. We shall probably hear again from Bismarck whenever the threatening condition of German affairs requires his help to set things right.

PATENT COMMISSIONER SEYMOUR has under consideration the publication of lists of patents that have expired within the past few years. Such a publication will open many valuable inventions that now belong to anybody who desires to use them. Large enterprises keep posted as to the time patents expire, but the information ought to be made as public as possible. It is also proposed to make the patenting of articles more simple, giving one patent with as many specifications as it devolves of new ideas, instead of granting a separate patent for each idea. This will diminish the cost of getting out patents, reduce their number and make it much easier to keep track of them.

PEOPLE who notice the increasing diffusion of knowledge among young women of the humble class and the steady advance in wages commanded by good servants sometimes wonder what posterity will do for servants. The wonder is gratuitous. The tendency of mankind is to flock to the spots where life is easiest and most agreeable. The migration will go on till such places are overcrowded. Then the supply of labor will be in excess of the demand, wages will fall, and the number of competitors for each vacant place will swell. In other words, the tide which began to flow when prosperity befell this country will ebb, in consequence of the superabundance of persons who seek to share that prosperity.

NORTHWESTERN farmers are fighting a combine of threshing-machine manufacturers and operators which was formed last November. Under this combine no threshing is to be done at less than 5 cents a bushel for wheat and 3 cents for oats. The plan of the farmers is to co-operate in each neighborhood, a number of farmers uniting in buying a machine and exchanging works in managing and running it. There will, however, be a necessity for employing some one skilled in managing the thrasher and running the engine. In most eastern localities the business of threshing is overdone. So many engage in it as a rapid way to earn money that the season does not last long. By the time the machine and engine are paid for both are nearly worn out. The threshing outfit costs a good deal more than it used to do, and prices for threshing as well as the prices of grain have generally declined below paying rates.

A YOUNG and uneducated Norwegian named Edward Brekhus is astonishing the people of Tacoma by going into a trance condition and then uttering most remarkable messages. His preaching is in Norwegian, and those who can understand him say he uses language far beyond his natural powers. He has very little acquaintance with the Bible, but in his trance state he repeats whole chapters without mistake. After he comes out of the trance he does not know what he has said. The case has attracted much attention from clergymen in Washington, and they are puzzled to account for it except as a manifestation of spiritual powers like those recorded in New Testament times.

CHICAGO HERALD: Dr. John T. Nagle, of New York, has evolved the idea of a transcontinental boulevard, with terminal at New York and San Francisco. The boulevard, as proposed by the Doctor, is to be wide, fine and well made, taking in many towns and cities, giving the country the grandest driving track in the world. It is to be built by the gov-

ernment and should be begun at once, thus providing work for thousands of unemployed. The scheme is not without virtue. A boulevard from New York to San Francisco would be one of the wonders of the world. To the cities along the line it would give a drive known only to fairy tales. It would also, and here is its greatest virtue, enable people who cannot afford to ride to walk out of New York City.

A DECISION by the Supreme Court of Minnesota concerning commitment of alleged insane persons should be gratefully welcomed by the people of that State instead of being made subject of censure. The court holds that notice must be given prior to judgment in commitments under the law for inclosures of the insane. The present law makes it easy for convicts or ignorant persons to railroad obnoxious people into an insane asylum. The court holds that evidence must be presented in open court, a requirement usually procedure touching insanity. The wonder is that the Legislature of Minnesota should have given the Supreme Court of the State cause for rendering a judgment so plainly necessary and so clearly just.

THE GOVERNOR of Arkansas makes and proves a serious accusation against the Indian Territory, that under its present government it is the recruiting and organizing place for bands of train robbers, whose depredations are often reported in the Southwest. Maps of the localities adjacent to Indian Territory have been captured, showing the route by which the robbers traveled, both in going to the lines of railroads and returning. On these maps were time tables showing when valuable trains were due at points favorable for waylaying. It will be the duty of Congress to take action on this complaint. To make Indian Territory a rendezvous for criminals is demoralizing alike to the Indians and to all the whites in the Territory, and the criminal classes should be cleaned out for the protection of the mass of citizens.

THE season of "didn't know it was loaded" is on. It was opened the other evening at Decatur. Sitting down to a game of cards in the home of his fiancée a young man took from his pocket a revolver and, extracting what he supposed to be all of the cartridges, laid it on the table, jokingly remarking that it should be used on the first one who quarreled. A play made by the girl was questioned. Recalling his former remark she jokingly pointed the weapon at the young man's head; there was an explosion and her partner at cards and intended husband was dead on the floor. Neither "knew it was loaded." Human understanding cannot account for the desire, strong in some people, to carry a revolver. Much less can it account for the uncontrollable passion to "fool" with it. There was no more reason for the young man to carry a pistol than to wear armor or to wheel around with him a Hotchkiss gun. The sorrow which his deed has brought on the girl will doubtless serve, in her case at least, as an everlasting warning not to play with a revolver, loaded or unloaded.

IN less than a month after the fatal bomb was thrown in the French Chamber of Deputies the murderous bomb-thrower, Vaillant, was executed. There was no precipitation. Every step leading to the guillotine was decorous and according to law. At first it was a mystery who threw the bomb, and then, after the man had been discovered and identified, he was given every reasonable opportunity to defend himself. France sets herein a good example to America. Justice is largely defeated in its effect by unnecessary delay. The man Vaillant was a typical anarchist. He had no excuse whatever for his act. He threw that bomb in the hope of killing some of the national lawmakers, and that solely upon the theory that to do such murder would tend to the disintegration of society, and that such disintegration is the foundation of the people. This is all preposterous in its premise and its conclusion. The largest possible destruction by that bomb would have simply been a personal calamity, having no effect upon the fabric of society. The only question from the first was the measure of punishment, capital or imprisonment for life. The man Vaillant reasoned well on this point. He said that if he had been sentenced to imprisonment for life he would probably have been pardoned some time, and then he would have gone to making bombs again.



THE NEW PASTOR—My brother, I adjure you to love your enemies. Colonel Feud of the Kentucky Moonshine District—Can't do it, Parson! Can't do it!
THE NEW PARSON—You could if you would try.
Colonel Feud—Impossible! Hain't got none to love. Shot the last one this maw'nin'!

A MARRIED woman's description of an ideal man is a picture of the kind she didn't get.—Acheson, Globe.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Quaker Facts and Thrilling Adventures which Show that Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

ONE of those abdominal operations which have made American surgeons the wonder of the scientific world was recently performed upon a man now lying in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City. It was one of the most dangerous, delicate and skillful operations known to science. Joseph Samak is a truck driver, 25 years old. He strained himself four years ago, lifting a 800 pound box of tobacco on a wagon. About two months ago his rupture became so bad that he had to give up work. He was taken to the hospital, and it was seen that he must be operated upon immediately. He was placed on a table and the surgeon made a longitudinal incision about six inches long through the wall of the abdomen and the intestine was drawn out and fourteen inches cut away. The two ends of intestines were sewed together with the finest of silk sutures, three rows of layers of suture being put in. The first row was put in through the under coat of the mucous membrane of the intestines. The second row passes through all the layers of the intestine, drawing the two ends closely together, and the third row of sutures passes through the outer membrane of the intestine and a little distance back of the end. In all no fewer than sixty stitches were taken. When the severed intestine had been joined it was pushed back into the abdominal cavity, where it fell naturally into place. The incision in the abdominal wall was then sewed up. The operation lasted exactly an hour. When Samak recovered from the shock he began to improve. No complications followed. He eats all they will give him and his strength is fast returning.

A CURIOUS fatality seems to have befallen the family of Captain Wilson, the African hunter. All the members of it that have died have been the victims of accident or violence, except his mother, who a few weeks ago succumbed to an attack of paralysis. The husband of two of Captain Wilson's sisters were drowned, as were two brothers in South Africa. There remains now the eldest son, Dr. George Wilson, a pioneer of sanitary science and a lover of fox-hunting.

A BEGGAR at Pesth, Hungary, who was arrested for throwing himself into the river with intentions of committing suicide, was charged after telling a remarkable story. He is an aged and shriveled specimen of humanity, with long, patriarchal beard, and acknowledged that he was past ninety-four years of age. His excuse for attempting to take his own life was that he was no longer able to take care of his father and mother, who were aged 125 and 120 years respectively.

THERE lives one mile south of Danville, Va., a colored woman eighty-three years old, whose name is Levia Bayler. Years ago she lost her teeth, but is now cutting another set. Some months ago her gums became very sore, and now two teeth have made their appearance, and several more are nearly in sight. The old woman is much pleased with her new teeth, and expressed much delight to your correspondent at so soon being able to "chaw hard ag'in."

CAPTAIN PIERCE THOMPSON, of Southport, Me., made his first voyage when ten years old, commanded his vessel at eighteen, and is still following the sea at seventy-four. His son sails with him as mate. Captain Thompson is a devout Methodist and has prayers on shipboard every day, and full religious services on Sunday. He was never wrecked, never lost a man and laughs at the idea of turning landlubber and retiring from sea-faring life.

REV. JOHN A. BURK, of Baltimore, recently received a barrel of oysters from Reedville, Northampton County, Va. Upon opening one of the shells, the two parts of which were joined as if they held an oyster, a live fish two and one-half inches long fell from the shell and began to wriggle. The fish was put in water and is still alive. There was no oyster in the shell, the fish being the sole occupant.

At the great Italian Penitentiary of Porto Allegro, in Sardinia, there has just died an old convict named Guiseppe Ramas, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life more than thirty years ago for selling sausages made of human flesh. During the course of his trial the gruesome fact was brought to light that he had assassinated no less than sixteen persons for this object.

FARMER George Lee died at Madison, Ind., recently, from the effects of a peculiar accident. He was stooping to milk his cow, his head resting against her flank, when she gave a sudden lurch which thrust his head downward, bending him almost double, dislocating his spine and paralyzing his body from his hips down. He leaves a wife and three children.

H. TALBOT, who is only a young fellow, had one of his heels out off the Victor mine in Missouri by a walking beam of the pumps; a leg broken in the crusher at Rising Sun; same leg rebroken at the Rice plant; an eye put out at the Spencer & McConey mine by the explosion of a cap, and got general bruises by dropping into a 30-foot shaft.

The luck of the Rev. Mr. Scarrow, of Russell, Kan., runs to fumbles. Within one week he held services for a man whose body was totally consumed by fire, for a man who died in the penitentiary, for a murdered man whose remains had been rotting in the ground since last July, and finally over the bodies of three murderers lynched by a mob.

A NOVEL toboggan slide has been built across the frozen River Neva at St. Petersburg, partly for pleasure and mainly for convenience in crossing the river. High towers have been erected on either bank, and from these a steeply sloping scaffold carries a track to the opposite bank.

A Test of Sobriety. A London paper gives the following test of sobriety: Gentlemen who have put an enemy into their mouths are recommended to try a very simple test for the purpose of finding out whether their brains have been soiled. They must stand erect with their eyes closed, and if they can perform this feat for a brief period they may come to the conclusion that they are all right.

the domestic servant problem, assumed the form of the American helms. The mass of replies which were received from more or less impetuous persons of title, although printed without the names of the writers, has made a genuine sensation. Two chapters have been devoted to tentative offers of marriage from sons of British nobility.

An extraordinary story comes from Caboolture, Australia, where the facts are said to be vouched for by a minister of religion. The statement is that a girl of eleven years old has for some months past been regularly pulling out a large number of splinters of wood from her body. The number thus extracted so far is said to be 1,000, sometimes as many as sixty splinters a day, being pulled out, ranging up to two inches in length. Their extraction causes the girl no pain, and no theory as to their origin has yet been originated.

A. K. KIAM, of Reading, Penn., has had his nose cut off, but not to spite his face, rather to benefit it. He is said to be a handsome young man, but unhappily was afflicted with a nose so big that it quite spoiled his otherwise fine appearance, and caused continual remarks both from his friends and enemies. He went at last to a surgeon to have the redundancy of nose removed. The operation was successfully performed, and to-day Mr. Kiam is happy in the possession of a nose which is straight, comely and of moderate proportions.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

No Meaningless Name—Reasonable—Plenty of Bills—Brazilian Shooting, Etc., Etc.

NO MEANINGLESS NAME.
Dealer—Here's a cigar I'd like you to try.
Customer—What's the name of it?

Dealer—The Genuine Success.
Customer—I've tried it. It's well named. It doesn't end in smoke.
[Truth.]

REASONABLE.
Should you die, are you opposed to my marrying?

He—Why not?
She—Why should I be solicitous about the welfare of a fellow I'll never know?—[Life.]

PLENTY OF BILLS.
Burglar (gruffly)—Your money or your life!

Jones (sleepily)—You'll find some bills in the drawer there. They are all in but the butcher's. I might send you that. Good night.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

BRAZILIAN SHOOTING.
Brazil is death on maidens now, and it is shown by this. That every time they shoot down there they always shoot amiss.
—[Detroit Free Press.]

PROBABLY NOT.
Practical Father—Has that young man who wants to marry you any money?

Romantic Miss—Money! He gave me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls.

Practical Father—Yes, I know. Has he any money left?—[New York Weekly.]

TIRED OF RETAIL METHODS.
First Train-wrecker—Great haul we made yesterday, wasn't it?

Second Train-wrecker—I should say so! With a little more luck like that we could buy a controlling interest in the road, and wreck the whole blamed thing at once.—[Puck.]

HAD A PROPERTY VALUE.
Mrs. Gadd—I'm glad to hear you say that Mr. Tillinghast didn't marry Miss Landon for her money. She's such a thoroughly nice girl that she deserves to be married for love, even if she is an heiress.

Mr. Skids—No, Tillinghast didn't marry her for her money, but for her real estate.—[Truth.]

NOT ALL SOUL.
"That girl's all soul," so I heard them say.

When the beautiful maiden passed us by.

But I took a different view next day. When I saw her tackle a hot mince pie.—[New York Press.]

PORKOPOLIAN PERPLEXITY.
"Who is that man over there? His face seems familiar."

"That's the German Count you married—the one who—"

"No, it isn't."

"You're right. It's the French Baron you—"

"Why, no! That's that horrible American I married—plain John Smith. Umph!"—[Hello.]

NEEDED PUFFING.
Prima Donna—Did you get the new waist with the puffed sleeves?

Maid—No, ma'am.

Prima Donna—Then I won't go on to-night. How do you expect a prima donna to get along without puffs?—[Hello.]

UNDERSTOOD.
Cobbs—Does Funning's humor amuse the public?

Hobbs—Yes; his paragraphs are always regarded as jokes on him.

AN EXPLANATION.
Maude—Why does Chollie softly always say "I don't think so," for I think not?

Hester—Because, dear, Chollie never thinks.

THE EDITOR LOVED HIM.
Mr. Winks—Mr. Editor, Mr. Blinks is dead, but as he and you were not on very good terms, I am afraid that you will not give the obituary notice that he deserves, and—

Editor (enthusiastically)—Oh, yes, I will; I'll give him the very best send-off I can possibly write, for he was one of nature's noblemen.

Mr. Winks—Well, that's good; but what makes you praise him up so when you knew him to be your enemy?

Editor—Because out of two hundred callers at my office during the cold weather of last week he was the only one that closed the door.

LIKE MOST OF US.
Yellowly—You're looking well this morning, Brownly.

Brownly—I'm feeling well, too. I own a farm in Pennsylvania and coal has just been discovered on it.

Y.—Lucky fellow! I wish some could be discovered in my coal cellar.—[New York Press.]

STILLS COSTS.
Mrs. Squills—Isn't \$40 a pretty large bill for the two or three visits you made Mr. Bilby?

Dr. Squills—No, it's just right, for Bilby. I told him he had the grip, which he had. He insisted it was "la grippe." This bill of \$40 will cure him entirely of the "la grippe" habit.—[Chicago Tribune.]

UNJUSTLY ACCUSED.
He—I assure you I would never dare to rob those sweet lips of a kiss.

She—You hypocrite. Didn't you attempt it last night?

He—Never! Far from intending to rob you of a kiss, I was trying to give you one.—[Truth.]

ADAMIZATION.
Clara—What a beautiful complexion you have!

Maude (much pleased)—Do you think so?

Clara (enthusiastically)—Yes, in deed. It's so natural.—[Truth.]

A COMMON EFFECT.

"Do you think," said Willie Washington, "that it actually hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?"

"No," replied Belle Pepperton, "as a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time."

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.
"There is but one kind of rock that grows," said the professor. "Can any of you mention it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the student from Dublin; "the sham-rock." [Vogue.]

A VERY UNCOMMON CASE.
The Daughter—I hear papa grumbling again this morning, mother.

What is he grumbling about?
The Mother—He is grumbling, my dear, because he cannot find anything to grumble about.—[New York Press.]

A FRUGAL MAN.
Miss Muggles—I don't like Dr. Pennysave a bit.

Miss Muggles—Why not?
Miss Muggles—You know he was called in when I was sick and then he began to call regularly. After I refused him he itemized each of those calls in his bill as professional visits.

A SYMPTOM.
Shallough—I hear Booby's wife was once a servant.

Shillough—I shouldn't wonder. She's dreadfully haughty.—[Town Topics.]

A WILLING WORKER.
Gent—What do you want?
Tramp—Work for my jaws. I haven't had a full meal for a week.—[Detroit Free Press.]

CORRECT.
"Pa, what is meant by a contingency fee?"

"It's a case in which there isn't the slightest contingency of anybody but the lawyers getting any money."—[Halo.]

A SUGGESTION.
"What will drive a man to drink quicker than a sharp-tongued woman?"

"Did you ever try a broiled salt mackerel?"—[New York Press.]

THE ONE WHO GOT LEFT.
She—Miss Carrie told me the other day that she expected you to propose that night. Did you get left?

He—No; she got left. I didn't propose.—[Truth.]

MONEY NEEDED ON BOTH SIDES.
Old Lawyer—It won't pay you to try to collect that debt.

Young Lawyer—But it is valid, and the debtor is wealthy.

Old Lawyer—But the creditor has nothing.—[Town Topics.]

CURED.
Frank—Did Maude finally break off her engagement with George because he went to the Keely cure?

Ma—Oh, no; but after his return he broke it off.—[Town Topics.]

MAKING PROGRESS.
"How are you getting along learning to operate your type-writer?"

"First-rate. I can almost read some of the things I write."

HE WAS NOT FRANK.
"Do you know," said Cholly, "that I have very frequently thought of lots of clever things?"

"Then," she replied earnestly, "I should prefer that we become strangers."

"Why?"

"Because I do not feel that it is wise for me to cultivate the society of one whose nature is so deceptive."

A TREASURE.
"Well, I haven't changed cooks in the six years of my married life," said Mrs. Gazzam, after the ladies had been discussing the fittsme kind of girl.

"What a treasure you must have!" they chorused.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Gazzam; "I do my cooking myself."—[Harper's Bazar.]

A Singular Spring.
"One of the most singular springs I ever saw," said D. L. Spratt to the corridor man at the Laclede, "is on the top of Mount Mitchell. It is on the summit, and is clear and cold. It has never been known to go dry, and is seemingly without a bottom, as lines have been dropped down to a great depth. As Mount Mitchell is the highest peak of the Alleghenies and the nearest mountain of greater altitude is in Colorado, about 2,000 miles distant, the query naturally arises as to the source of this spring."

"The only conclusion is that it is a siphon spring, but if so, the water flows at least 2,000 miles and under innumerable rivers and streams, under prairies and under mountains until it reaches the peak, where it forces its way through a fissure on the top. The water is remarkably clear and pure and shows no trace of its having encountered any minerals during its long journey, although minerals are found on every side of the place where it arises to the surface. I have never heard any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon."—[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

THE GERM THEORY.
The germ theory of disease has been turned to practical applications of the most varied nature, and of the most far-reaching importance to every people under the sun. Point to the marvelous discoveries of recent years in the origin and development of disease, in an address before the International Medical Association, John Simon, a very high medical authority, said: "I venture to say that in the records of human industry it would be impossible to point to work of more promise to the world than these various contributions to the knowledge of disease and of its cure and prevention." This wonderful germ theory owes its origin to the study of the purely scientific question of spontaneous generation. The study of the great questions of heredity, now occupying so much attention among biologists, will surely lead, sooner or later, to practical applications of no less moment to the human race than those based on the germ theory of disease.—[Worthington's Magazine.]

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Selling the Birthright.
The lesson for Sunday, March 4, may be found in Gen. 25: 27-34.

INTRODUCTORY.
There seems to us a remarkable providence in the arrangement of these lesson topics. One by one they have come to us just at the nick of time, apparently just the word for the hour. These have been revival days in many communities, and the Sunday schools and congregations have been deeply stirred by the corded appeals of these Old Testament lessons. Adam's sin; the flood, God's call to Abram, God's judgment on Sodom, the trial of Abraham's faith, and now this selling of the birthright—could a better list of heart-stirring subjects have been devised for time's awakening? May God bless these messages to many souls to-day!

POINTS IN THE LESSON.
"The boys grew." One way or the other they grow still, but which way, parent, teacher?

"Cunning to hunt for things that perish, not cunning to seek the things that abide. How many like Esau, knowing (the literal of the word) much; knowing nothing."

But the fault was not so much in the sensuous indulgence. It was on the other side in the spiritual indifference displayed. Not so much that he preferred potage, but that, as the Scriptures say, he "despised his birthright." There was moral obtuseness in choosing lentils he ignored life. Or rather he snatched for one sort of life, low sort, and in so doing threw away the higher and better sort—the real goal of living. The word despises, here, means, first of all, to tread, Esau, like many another, came to the goal of life, but he did not reach it. He was a young man, walked over his best interests, trampled them under his feet in reaching for petty delights. Let us not say that he was unjustly treated. Whatever the unbrotherly self-seeking of Jacob, it is of course revealed in Esau's conduct. He disclosed his unfitness for the best, because of his inappreciation of it. No matter though he may seek it sorrowing, he is unworthy of it, as the Proverbs say, "He that despiseth his ways shall die. It is the same law as 'to be carnally minded is death.'"

HINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.
A lesson for young men. Apply it particularly to the young. Or rather press home its appeal upon all the undecided and the unrepentant. What are you doing with that precious life of yours? What will you give in exchange for his soul? Many a man is selling his hope for a song, his birthright for a mess of the world's potage. May be a new and, as it seems to me, a better application of the words: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine." What was our Savior speaking of in that Sermon on the Mount but of the life, its conduct, its cherishing, its use? Young man, which way is your life thrown?

It was amusing to read the pitiful sight of that old man and woman at the World's Fair in Chicago hurrying away from the sergeant's office with their recovered satchel. Every cent they had in the world they had taken with them that day. It was a sad sight. Jackson Park looked up in a mere hand-satchel, and there they had gone off and left it on the seat of one of the tram-cars. Foolish, was it not? And yet how much more unseemly foolish is it to trifle with this life of ours as we do. We care about it, but we care less than gold which perishes, "redeemed not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot." What are we doing with this precious legacy? How are we guarding it?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., has added 20,000 to her population by annexing outlying towns. This almost makes her a suburb of Chicago.

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, the African explorer, has been deserted by eighty porters. Even an Astor must find tipping eighty porters a burden.

LOUISE IMOGENE GUINNEY has been appointed postmaster in a Massachusetts town. Louise will get along all right; she always is well-versed in her work.

ACCORDING to the Tribune, of Chicago, the free soup houses, attracted tramps as sugar draws flies. When the wholesome reform of making work a condition sine qua non of soup was instituted the tramps departed.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Pittsburgh the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has discharged 125 men at one stroke. Under the rules of the Judges Jenkins and Dundy if these 125 men had desired to stop work at one time, thereby inconveniencing the company, it would have been competent for a court to enjoin them against so doing. No injunction, however, lies against wholesale discharges, although the sufferers may be "inconvenienced" thereby to the point of starvation.

The government of Manitoba has given up trying to secure emigrants, and the county of \$10 a head, which it has been paying to all settlers, will be discontinued. There is less loyalty to English domination in Manitoba than in eastern Canadian provinces. Despite the connection of the Manitobans with the East by the Canadian Pacific their market is in the South through the United States. The same is even more true of British Columbia. Only by political union with the United States can the possibilities of these great fertile regions be realized.

EUROPE again stands face to face with the big war which it has been going to fight half a dozen times a year since the early seventies. If the opposing powers have any idea of cutting loose in the near future they could not please this country better than by unleashing the dogs of war about this time. We can furnish them with food, fodder, clothing and other essentials at good rates and speedy delivery. If Europe would only have the big wind-up that seems inevitable, the compact for international arbitration could be a good deal more easily brought about.

THE California Supreme Court has pronounced unconstitutional a law of that State which provides for the deportation of Chinamen. The ground of the decision is that it usurps a power which can only properly belong to the United States. This raises a question whether the State courts have a legal right to remit punishment for crime on the condition that the criminal leaves the State. It is a practical question. Probably if the case were tested it would be held that the prohibition against a return to the State was void. If a man has a right to be in one State, the Constitution guarantees him a citizen's right in any other State.

THE attempt to ship turkeys in refrigerators to California for the Christmas and New Year's holidays proved a failure. The fowls were frozen and appeared all right when received, but on being thawed out they developed a decided taint, and were promptly condemned by the local authorities as unfit for food. The shipment of frozen meat of any kind for long distances is a difficult matter, and especially so for fowls, whose bones are hollow and filled with air. It is probable that no degree of freezing will bring this confined air down to the freezing point. Hence all the time it is in transit the flesh nearest these hollow bones must be below-freezing point, and of course subject to injurious changes.

ONE of the most common expedients of trust corporations is to procure from the courts injunctions restraining infringement of the patents they hold. It is an abuse of the power of injunctions, for it gives the original patentee all the advantage before the official decision of his case. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, has introduced an important amendment to Sec. 6 of the anti-trust law, providing that hereafter no injunction shall be granted to restrain infringement of a patent when it shall appear that said patent is owned or controlled by a combination for the restraint of commerce between the States or with foreign nations. Such an amendment will do away with a serious evil, and remedy one of the defects of the present anti-trust law.

It is not surprising that the Bell Telephone Company should seek by every means in its power to maintain its hold upon the great business it has developed, or that the guaranty of monopoly heretofore vouchsafed by the patent laws should be maintained by other means, now that many of the patents have expired. Undoubtedly the service will be greatly improved and cheapened in the struggle to retain its supremacy. What the profits of this great monopoly under its patents have been are thus stated in a current paragraph: "From 1885 to 1892 the net income of the company available for dividends

ran from over 18 to more than 20 percent on its capital. In five of the years it was over 20 percent. The capital has been increased from time to time to prevent the dividends from exceeding it. It has grown from \$7,350,000 in 1881 to \$20,000,000. The average amount of capital was \$11,209,935, and the dividends in fourteen years have aggregated \$23,106,936. The average rate of dividend has been 14.72 percent. There is much money in these wire couriers of the age.

The great forest of Northern New York covers an area of 3,583,803 acres. The Adirondack Park, which is the proposed reservation, includes 2,807,760 acres. Of this 1,576,483 are in the primeval forest. One million acres has been lumbered—that is, its spruce and hemlock have been cut out, leaving the hard wood with small coniferous trees to grow. The State now owns 731,459 acres in the Adirondack forest. The forest commission strongly urges the purchase of extensive tracts in addition to those that the State has secured. It does not, however, propose to disturb the farmers who have established homes. There are, besides, villages in this territory which cannot be included in any scheme of purchase. It is proposed to increase the State holding of forest lands to 1,200,000 acres. The private preserves in addition to this amount to 565,000 acres, and these should also be purchased now, as the care which the State is giving to these forests will cause them to rapidly increase in value. The commission advises the expenditure of \$3,500,000, which can be paid by the issue of bonds. In this way an investment can be made that will return much more than its cost. This has been demonstrated by sales of spruce lumber made on lands that were cut over fifteen to twenty years ago.

A CORPORATION composed entirely of Chicago philanthropists and lovers of their fellow-men is seeking a charter at Springfield which shall permit the company to insure people against marriage. When any insured person falls into matrimony the idea is that he shall get \$1,000 to, as it were, assuage him and help him bear with his lot. The Secretary of State will not issue the charter because he is under the impression that work of this sort is immoral and opposed to public policy, but here the Chicago Mail thinks the Secretary of State is certainly wrong. The inevitability of marriage will be conceded by all students of humanity. It is as sure almost as death, and a great deal more certain than embezzlement, which is insurable. Every man runs a greater risk of being married than he does of almost every other catastrophe which the companies will insure him against, with the connivance of the State of Illinois. Statistics show that 86 percent of the male population between the ages of 20 and 30 is wedded in the next ten years, and bachelors between 30 and 50 have even a much smaller expectation of bachelorhood. Just why the company which proposes to alleviate and to soften the inevitable should not be permitted to do business is incomprehensible. It seems to fill a long-felt want.

THE retirement of the Princess of Wales from society and state functions has occasioned a great deal of stir in European royal circles. If the reports can be trusted the matter is much more serious than at first believed. She is said to be woefully unbalanced mentally. One of her delusions is that her son Clarence is still alive and that they are keeping him from her. Two physicians are in constant attendance upon her. The malady is not of recent origin, although it was hastened no doubt by the death of her eldest son and the trouble that resulted from the subsequent marriage of Princess Mary of Teck to the Duke of York. Four or five years ago her mental eccentricities first manifested themselves. It only served to teach anew that happiness is not confined to the rich and the great, nor suffering to the poor and humble. She is in her fiftieth year and has always been reputed one of the most beautiful and gracious women of Europe. She is the daughter of the King of Denmark. The royal families of Europe are honey-combed with insanity, and if all the royal lunatics could be gathered in one room, it would have to be a pretty large one to hold them. Royalty is played out. It is in its sear and yellow leaf. For the Prince of Wales, who is still waiting for the day when he shall ascend the throne, the deepest of sympathy is being expressed.

What the Angelus Means.
Miller's great picture, "The Angelus," has become familiar from the innumerable copies seen everywhere, and lately the noble Turk shows it on the rugs he offers for sale on nearly every corner in San Francisco. The origin of the term is given by a church contemporary as follows: "The angelus, or bell rung about 6 o'clock in the Catholic churches of this country, is a survival of the curfew bell. In many parts of Europe it is known as the 'prayer bell.' Pope John XXIII. about the year 1410, fearing deposition at the hands of his people, among whom he was unpopular, ordered all Christian people to repeat three Aves to avert the misfortune. He was afterwards deposed, but the custom continued. The noonday bell was first instituted by Pope Calixtus III. about 1455, at a time when the contemporaneous invasions of Europe by the Turks and the appearance of a great comet seemed to threaten the whole Christian world with extermination."

STRANGELY, the street-car traveler is most shocked when the electric current is gone.—Plain Dealer.

GOWNS AND GOWNING.

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fashionable Fashions, Fashions, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Wearied Womanhood.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.
New York correspondence.

RICHLIY made "sets" for adorning gowns now come in two pieces: a collar, with all the necessary elaborations of beading, trim, and cape or collar-ette, and paniers. A pretty design of this sort shows a folded collar of sage-green velvet, with lace falling in cape fashion over the shoulders. The paniers are of the lace set on a folded heading of the velvet and they are to be attached to the edge of the bodice. Many made-up accessories come to be based on to gowns, much as real lace is, and in these, cuffs are added to complete the set. In the dress first shown here, the bands on skirt, bodice and cape are a handsome silk passe-montrie, and the fabric used for the dress is a dark-brown cloth, the skirt panels and upper sleeves being black velvet. The bodice is garnished with a separate collar-ette made of cloth and velvet and topped by a high Stuart collar. It is designed for a calling gown.

A jacket of a new shape having a bell cape and also in brown cloth is the next garment presented. Its chief novelty is in the cape, which is cut circular, edged with fur and forms a big pleat in the back which makes it about fifteen inches shorter than at the sides. The garment hooks in front and is garnished with ornamental buttons, while the fronts must be of sufficient width at the bottom to permit the edges to be laid against the side seams, where they are apparently fastened with other similar buttons. The cape is cut with long ends reaching to the hem of the jacket, which are draped at the bottom and faced with light-brown silk. This is but one of



A BELL CAPE WITH DRAPED TAIL.

the abundant novelties in outside garments which are being offered for late winter and early spring wear. One other striking sort is an Inverness cloak made up for the tailor-made girl in exact imitation of those planned for her brother. They are very effective, and so dressy and convenient that even girls who are not strictly tailor-made wear them.

It is a difficult thing to understand the system which governs the production of these new things, and it sometimes seems as if even our everyday garments are planned to show the characteristics of a carnival season, in their fantastic and odd arrangements. Such a thing as an old-time winter coat is altogether out of the question. The lucky owners of carriages revel in the most gorgeous cloaks, and elderly matrons give a decided preference to a costume made of heavy cloth, which combines dress and coat and is usually trimmed with rich furs, passementeries or jet. The same applies to younger women with this difference: that they affect a more youthful and jaunty style and wearing what they wear whole costumes of fur, but more frequently short jackets of it. If cloth be chosen, then a Figaro jacket of fur, or a double fur cape, the upper one very much rippled and full, giving sometimes an almost grotesque breadth to the figure, takes the place of the customary coat. A glance at some of these elegant capes and jackets is enough to convince that no idea of economy is furthered by leaving out the coat—far from it.

Many times, however, these short jackets are of the material of the costume itself, and in that case they are bordered only with narrow bands of fur. Such a costume is before you in the next picture. Here sage green



NO SAYING HERE BY BRING COATLESS.

cloth is the material. The skirt is seven-gored, fitting closely at the hips, and is trimmed with a band of Persian lamb at the bottom. The waist is perfectly plain, back and front, and tight fitting. Over it comes a small Figaro jacket which reaches almost to the waist line. It has a turn-down collar of the fur and the goods are gathered in front to form a knot at the bust line. The sleeves are a very wide

Bishop with a double frill at the bottom and the last one is edged with fur. The ruffles of the sleeves are reproduced at each side of the muff worn, and again the last one is fur-edged. Louten hop-sacking, a cloth of velvet woven with a thread of black or white darned in and out through the meshes, has been made up extensively for street gowns of the present somber season.

A dainty sort of collar-ette is really nothing but a square of chiffon with a hole cut out of the center. A slit is made from the edge to the middle where the opening is desired, and a folded collar of velvet is added as finish to the neck. It is worn so as to have one point hanging over each side of the shoulder. The edge is finished with a frill of lace set on an insertion heading. Rose-pink chiffon takes a collar of Havana brown velvet; cream and gray are combined, and purple and black. This style was a great opportunity for one wicked little woman who had a real lace paraol-top—one of those wee parasols. She cut the center out, fol-



TURNED PAROOLITY.

lowing the design of the lace, which showed points converging to the center. She ran baby ribbon from point to point, strengthening the holes for the ribbon with button-hole stitching. She made a yoke with folded collar of emerald velvet. This being adjusted first, she put the baby ribbon as far open as it would go, put on the paraol cover over her head, pulled the points up snugly at the base of the folded collar, tied the ribbon, tucking away the ends underneath, and then went about looking just as she did not know how many people lost their minds trying to make out how she got into her beautiful neck rig. It is a shame to thus encourage surgery in lace, and to foster cruelty to women who suffer untold misery from wondering "how she got into it."

There was no more fur on the dress of the third picture than there is in the composition of the fourth example shown. Yet the former was an out-of-door dress, which was especially designed for wear without a coat, and the latter is an indoor dress. Still both are very stylish and entirely consistent with present fashions, which exhibit a good many incongruities. Pale tan-colored cloth trimmed about the skirt's foot with a twenty-five inch band of sable, seems a pretty warm sort of house dress, but it all looked very handsome and so positively new! Tabs of the fur extend above this band, as shown, and in the corners thus made, applique designs of heavy cream guipure are put. The ornamentation of the bodice is in keeping with the design of the skirt trimming. The sleeves are made of brown mirror velvet, with lace appliques on the puffs and sable bands come across the shoulders and meet in a point behind.

Fur and the right kind of dress in the last picture, too, and this time the pelt is mink and the dress goods golden brown cloth. The bodice is tucked under the draped skirt, and is finished with wide draped revers of moire antique, bordered with fur and faced with brown cloth. The waistline in front is made of brown cloth, trimmed



CONTRASTED TRIMMING.

as shown, with silver braid, and the hem of the bodice is finished with a narrow moire belt piped on both sides with the same braid. The bottom of the overcoat is trimmed with four rows of it. In the other dress of the same illustration a return is made to first principles, and yet embroidered tulle lace is used for trimming, and fur doesn't appear at all. The skirt is trimmed with draped boules sewed into three tucks at the bottom and fastened by means of bias folds, over which are put jet nail heads and butterflies. The blouse bodice hooks at the side and is trimmed with tulle lace having vandykes of black satin. The sleeves are made of satin with a draped puff partly covered with lace epaulettes, and have cuffs entirely covered with lace. A wide belt of folded black satin which hooks at the side comes around the waist.

Of this pale, frail-described dress there is an unobjectionable sort of over-trim, but some of them are hideous things. One of these, though quite permissible, gives plainly the effect of an abbreviated dress-skirt worn over another one, on the principle that one had a good top and the other a good bottom edge. The two skirts may contrast most unpleasantly with each other in color and material. If only you will carry out the combination in the bodice, you have the sanction of fashion for your attack upon other folk's sense of the fitness of things.

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MALACHITE, agate and azurine, when broken, may be cemented with sulphur, melted at low heat, so as not to change its color, in which different elements are added to give it properties like the stones.

It is possible that the United States Government will hereafter do its own printing of postage stamps and postal cards.

CAUGHT WITH FISHHOOKS.

Clean Capture of a San Francisco Pickpocket.

A remarkable story came to light yesterday regarding an experience on Monday night of Charles Osborne, the mining man of Shasta county, with a pickpocket, in which he came off immeasurably best. Osborne has just sailed for South Africa. The story is so unusual as to seem hardly credible; but it is vouched for in a way to carry belief.

Osborne arrived here several weeks ago. He is one of the best known mining men in California, having mined for years in the north. He was the discoverer of the Gladstone gold mine, French Gulch, which he sold for \$50,000. As he was on his way to Johannesburg, to take charge of some mines and did not know when he would get back, he spent some time here seeing the sights and taking his ease preparatory to starting. While here he went to Redding for \$1,000, which he received by express. Much of this money he carried on his person, for Osborne is a big, stalwart man, who has been about the world, and is not afraid.

One night over a week ago, when he and his friend, Petty, were out seeing the sights, a light-fingered man touched him for two twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he had in one of his trousers pockets. This was a surprise to Osborne, and set him to thinking. He had never had anything like that happen before, and he was very much annoyed. He said nothing about it at the time, however, but set to work devising a plan for thwarting any similar accident in future.

In a dim way he recollected that he thought some one had put a hand in his pocket on the night he lost the coin. Osborne, as is customary among many mining men, wear substantial corduroy clothes, and these are equipped with unusually strong pockets. In the right pocket of his trousers, therefore, he skillfully arranged half a dozen big fishhooks, each carefully fastened to its place, and in such a way that they would offer no resistance to a hand while being inserted, but the hand would be grasped by the barbs while being withdrawn. Any one of the hooks would hold a ten-pound salmon.

Thus equipped Osborne again started forth. At the corner of California and Kearny streets a fakir was blithely expatiating about his wares, and the mining man stopped to hear what he had to say. Desirous of testing his invention, he jingled two or three \$20 pieces carelessly in sight, and then dropped a couple of them in sight of the yawning man below the fish hooks. Then he leaned back and became absorbed in the street-corner oratory. In a few moments, sure enough, he felt a hand going down his pocket. It moved slowly and carefully, but every time the fakir said anything to make the crowd laugh it went down with more confidence. Pretty soon Mr. Osborne felt that he had a man at his elbow who was doing some deep thinking. He knew this by the commotion that had taken place in his pocket. He said nothing, but he knew something was going to happen. It did, when a voice said: "Say, mister! I've got my hand in your pocket!"

"What have you got your hand in my pocket for?" said Osborne, cheerfully. "Why don't you take it out?"

"I can't; it's caught," said the man, looking up and turning pale.

"Well, come right down here to a policeman. He will help you take it out," replied the mining man, and he moved off as he spoke, the thief being forced to trot along by the side of the captor.

"Oh, I didn't get any money. For heaven's sake let me go!" cried the thief.

Osborne did not care anything about imprisoning the fellow, and punishing him further. He declared he would not have minded it a bit if he had lost the additional gold pieces. All he wanted was to see if his trap would work. So he released the fellow and let him go. He immediately ran away, and Osborne returned to his hotel, followed by several people. H. R. Bemis and others examined the fishhook-guarded pocket. It had considerable blood in it from the hand of the would-be thief.—(San Francisco Chronicle.)

HUNTING WITH THE CHETAH.

An Indian Sport More Than Two Thousand Years Old.

The Century contains an article on "Hunting with the Chetah," a sport which has been known for more than 2,000 years. It is still sometimes practised in India.

The chetah, commonly known as the hunting leopard, is taken, bound in a wagon, to the scene of the sport. When his prey is sighted and the wagon has been brought sufficiently near, the animal is loosed from his bonds. The following is an extract from the Century article:

In a few minutes, that to our anxious minds seemed interminable, we managed to diminish the distance to the requisite point, and again the straps were liberated. The hood was then slipped from the chetah's head. He saw the animals at once; his body quivered all over with excitement, the tail straightened, and the hackles on his shoulders stood erect, while his eyes gleamed, and he strained at the cord, which was held short. In a second it was unfastened, there was a yellow streak in the air, and the chetah was crouching low some yards away. In this position, and taking advantage of a certain unevenness of the ground which gave him cover, he stealthily crept forward toward a bull that was feeding some distance away from the others. Suddenly this antelope saw or scented his enemy, for he was off like the wind. He was, however, too late; the chetah had been too quick for him. All there was to be seen was a flash, as the supreme rush was made. This movement of the chetah is said to be, for the time it lasts, the quickest thing in the animal world, far surpassing the speed of a race-horse. Certainly it surprised all of us, who were intently watching the details of the scene being enacted in our view. The pace was so marvelously great that the chetah actually sprang past the bull, although by this time the terrified

animal was fairly stretched out at panic speed. This overshooting the mark by the chetah had the effect of driving the antelope, which swerved off immediately from his line, into a circle, with the chetah on the outside.

The tongues were galloped up, and the excitement of the occupants can hardly be described. In my eagerness to see the finish, I jumped off and took to running, but the hunt was soon over, for before I could get quite up, the chetah got close to the bull, and with a spring at his haunches, brought him to the ground. The leopard then suddenly released his hold, and sprang at his victim's throat, throwing his prey over on its back, where it was held when we arrived at the spot. The chetah was then crouching low, sucking the blood from the jugular vein, while tenaciously clinging with his mouth to the antelope's throat. The buck gave only a few spasmodic jerks and appeared to be dead, though probably not so in reality, but only paralyzed by fear. One of the men stooped down and plunged a knife into the buck's neck close to the spot where the chetah still held fast. This coup de grace not only terminated the poor thing's existence, but caused the blood to flow freely, which one of the men proceeded to catch in a large wooden bowl with a long handle, that he had brought for the purpose. When this was full, the hood was thrust over the chetah's eyes, his fetters were replaced, and he was ultimately induced to let go his hold of the antelope by the bowl of steaming hot blood being alighted under his nose. Into this dainty reward for his trouble he at once plunged his head, and with ferocious eagerness lapped up the whole of it.

Ticket Cancelling.

The exigencies of railway passenger traffic have led to the invention of most ingenious machines for the cancelling, dating and registering of tickets. In one machine, designed for turning out tickets rapidly for street railways, ferries, etc., the individual tickets in a large roll of paper of the required width and thickness are divided from one another by a perforation and a pair of notches, which are also used for maintaining the registering during printing. The strip of paper then passes over a series of wheels, which regulate the frictional tension, to the printing cylinder, from whence it is turned ready for use, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

In other machines tickets can be numbered consecutively from one to any given number. For instance, there is a special "ticket holder and register," by which a web of tickets can be cut up and dated, each ticket being counted and marked as it is being withdrawn, to prevent fraud. The tape is drawn through feed rollers, by turning a handle, and passed between a printing cylinder and a bed cylinder. Upon the printing cylinder is a knife which cuts off the tickets as it delivers them through a slot. A counting device is geared to the printing cylinder, and keeps a register of the operation. It is enclosed in a case, which is normally closed by a locked door. By the use of this machine, all troublesome counting of the stock of tickets is avoided, while dishonest officials find an exact account kept against them.

Promoting Ingenuity.

It may not be generally known, says the Railway Review, that Messrs. Denny grant to the workmen in their shipbuilding yard at Dumbarton a sum of money for suggestions for the improvement in plant, etc., likely to facilitate or cheapen production. During the year past fifty-seven new improvements have been considered, and of this number thirty-eight have been successful, fifteen rejected, and four postponed. The total sum expended during the year was \$720; of this sum \$480 was paid in ordinary awards and \$240 in premiums. The number of awards and the amount of money expended are not only much greater than those of last year, but are the third highest in any year since the scheme was started. Fully two-thirds of the total number of claims received were successful, as against an average of fifty-two per cent. for the fourteen years the scheme has been in operation. The workmen in the iron department have this year succeeded for the first time in sending in more claims than those of any other department, while the electrical department has been successful above all others, considering the number of workmen connected with the branch. Since the introduction of the scheme, 602 claims have been received, 313 being successful and 289 rejected. The total sum expended was \$7,400, of which \$5,170 was paid in rewards and \$2,230 paid in premiums. The sum of \$4,340 has been gained by eighteen claimants.

Couldn't Swallow the String.

A woman went into a jewelry store in New York and asked to see some diamond rings. As she was looking at them she directed the clerk's attention another way for a moment, and popped one of the rings into her mouth. She did not notice beforehand that the ring had a tag attached to it by a long string, and when the clerk turned to her, he was surprised to see the tag hanging out of her mouth by the string, which she was making the most extraordinary efforts in her efforts to swallow. The clerk and gotten tangled in her own teeth, and refused to go either way. The clerk disentangled it for her, and also disentangled several pocketbooks which were found in her pocket.—(New Orleans Picayune.)

A Wealthy Church.

The Pittsburg Catholic says that the Orthodox Church of Russia is so wealthy that it could easily cancel the national debt of Russia, which amounts to one thousand million dollars, and hardly feel it. Its ways of getting this wealth are unique. One is the sale of consecrated wax candles. For example, the cathedral of Ivesan, in St. Petersburg, sold during the last Easter season more than 83,000 of these consecrated candles.

RICHEST AND CRANKIEST.

The Owner of Millions Lives with the Greatest Economy.

The wealthiest woman in this country, and without doubt the most eccentric, is Mrs. Hetty Green. It would be hard to say just where her home is, as she lives a nomadic life, wandering from one city and one boarding house to another. Probably she spends more time in Brooklyn than anywhere else, and it is here that she is at present domiciled. She lives this restless existence because she is thus able to evade the payment of taxes on real estate or personal property. Although she owns \$60,000,000 she is as economical as though she possessed nothing. She has no home and at present her abode is a back room in a boarding house, for which she gives up \$8 a week including board. The room has no furniture except a bed, a bureau and a chair, and it is cared for by Mrs. Green herself. Mrs. Green eats her meals in the kitchen and waits upon herself at the table. The reason for this is that she looks so shabby and generally untidy that the boarding-house keeper is afraid to let her be seen by the other boarders. Mrs. Green has no objection to these kitchen meals, indeed she rather prefers them. Her



HETTY GREEN.

evenings also are spent in the kitchen, where she converses with the servants. Mrs. Green, in order to still further economize, washes the smaller articles of her wardrobe in her own room and also dries them there. She has no trunk and when she moves from one house to another all her worldly goods are done up in various newspaper parcels and in a black bag, all of which she carries with her.

Mrs. Green's husband is a well-known and popular club man of New York. He and his wife have mutually agreed to live apart, although remaining very good friends. They have two children, a son and a daughter. The son is Edward H. Green, a business man of 26 years, who is shrewd and keen. Mrs. Green's daughter is Miss Sylvia, a young woman who inherits many of her mother's eccentric traits. She is heiress to about \$7,000,000 in her own right.

LAW OF THE SIX-SHOOTER.

Frightful Reign at Lawlessness in Early San Francisco.

San Francisco in its early days was one of the roughest and most wicked cities in the world. Through its streets in the days of the gold fever organized bands of ruffians, including thieves, burglars and roughs, every ready with knife and pistol, roamed unchallenged. Depredation and assault became familiar incidents in the life of the town. Everywhere was the reckless apathy of "every man for his own hand," every man a law to himself, and the six-shooter his only constable. Most dangerous, and for a time most numerous, of the



DESPERADOES ATTACKING CHILLIANS.

Immigrant criminals who came to recruit the gangs of ruffians were the convicts and ticket-of-leave men from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, who feared nothing but the gallows anywhere, and even that not at all in this land of devil-may-care, where prosecutors and witnesses were too busy to concern themselves with courts; where judges were ignorant, careless or corrupt; where trials were too costly for a bankrupt city and where a man might hide easily and utterly under an alias or an alibi, a pea jacket or a serape, a smooth face or a ragged beard.

In the quarters known as "Sydney-town," the "Five Points" and the "Seven Dials" a policeman hardly dared to enter. Night was made hideous with debauchery and assaults, and for a few ounces a fellow could be hired to kill a man or fire a house. Although hundreds of murders had been committed by the desperate denizens of these and other quarters, not one person had been hanged. Chief among the desperadoes of the town, was a band of self-styled "regulators," who were commonly called the "Hounds." They organized under the pretense of resisting the encroachments of the Chilians, Peruvians and Mexicans, but they soon became strong enough to make the town their own. They paraded the town in broad daylight, with flags and drums, armed with revolvers and bludgeons; and at night, when the streets were dark and unguarded, they often raided saloons and taverns, eating and drinking at the charge of the proprietors, and afterward making a wreck of stock and furniture in the very devilment of wantonness and fun.

To forestall these the better element of citizens organized. A volunteer police force was organized and in a brief time the "Hounds" as an organization was broken up.

A Down-East crematory company is in financial difficulties. If a crematory is not profitable, the Crematorium is the organ of that interest, which should make a good receiver.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Wilson is getting better, but his tariff bill remains as bad as ever.

Grow's plurality for Congressmen-at-large, in Pennsylvania, is 187,160.

Everything has gone down under democratic rule; even the American flag has been lowered.

The theory that a man is what he eats does not hold good, is proven by the fact that if he eats crow he becomes a crow.

Edward Atkinson will become the patron saint of democracy, with his scheme of having workmen live on fourteen cents a day.

The people are satisfied that they have got out of the last national election too much Grover and Change and too little Clover.

The 22 pounds of sugar for a dollar, which the republicans brought, is likely to be changed to 15 or 16 pounds for a dollar, by the democrats.

"Mary had a little lamb, But that was long ago. She can't afford to keep it now, Since wool has gone so low."

When the people begin to pay 10 per pound more for their sugar, they will be daily reminded that democratic tariff reform is a condition and not a theory.

Thirty thousand wool growers' names were signed to one single petition, protesting against the wool schedule of the Wilson bill. But it will do no good, as the outcome will show.

Do you note the fact that while petitions are pouring in on the Senate, against the Wilson bill, there are none in favor of its passage? Are there no democrats left except the hee-lers and leaders?

It is now in order for some cuckoo Congressman to declare that the tariff had nothing to do with the republican blizzard that stiffened out democracy in the Keystone State, last week.

The Supreme Court decided, last week, that the barbers' Sunday closing law has a right upon the statute books of the State and is without spot or blemish so far as its constitutional-ity is concerned.

The withdrawals from the savings banks of the State, last year, exceeded the deposits nearly \$35,000,000. The depletion of the workmen's savings and the "emanipation of labor" go hand in hand.

The Chicago Inter Ocean says: "The House applied a soothing wash to the President's Hawaiian wounds. The poor man needed treatment. If it draws the swelling from his head, it will do well."

"The manner in which Cleveland whips them in To do his will is beyond all praise; What an overseer he would have been In the old slave-holding days!"

Perhaps Cleveland doesn't want a Democratic successor, and wants to remain with the distinction of being the only Democratic President during half a century. He has already secured the honor of being the only President who "hailed down the American flag."

The fifteen hundred workmen who have resumed work at a forty-five per cent out in wages in Congressman Wilson's district in West Virginia can scarcely be counted upon to vote a solidly democratic ticket this fall.

Read President Dole's letters and one can easily see why President Cleveland didn't want to send them into Congress until he was forced to do so. Mr. Dole skins the Cleveland Administration and hangs the hide on the back fence to dry.

It does seem strange that the extreme caution which prevented County Clerk May leaving his valuable records in the safekeeping of the Clerk's office at Mason could have so far deserted him, after arriving at Lansing, as to allow him to leave them lying on a table in his hotel room.

It is evident that the Senate is going to make some material changes in the Wilson bill. Democrats as well as republicans in that body are dissatisfied with it, and the prospect is that it will eventually go back to the House so badly mangled that it will hardly be recognizable.

In spite of the heavy storm, the local elections held in various parts of New York, last week, resulted in large republican gains. It is impossible to misinterpret the meaning of these victories. They are a distinct protest against the policy of degradation and ruin embodied in the Wilson fraudulent free trade bill.

Instead of going democratic, Pennsylvania recorded its verdict against the present management of the democracy, by one of the heaviest pluralities ever cast against any party in any state. We speak of hand-writing on the wall. The phrase is too feeble. This is a portent brazened across the sky. Is there any democrat so blind that he does not see it?

General Fresham, Sec. of State, is drawing a pension of \$30.00 per month, supposedly from a wound received during the rebellion, but such is not the case. His lameness was caused by a fracture of a limb while hunting near Martinsville, Ind. He is now opposed to liberal pensions and is reported that he will refuse any further payments.

The first white man ever convicted and sentenced to be hanged, in Miss., was taken to the scaffold, a rotten rope placed around his neck, and was launched on to the ground. The sheriff picked him up, brushed the dirt off his clothes, told him to go and kill other negroes as his hanging had been complied with and that Justice was satisfied.

That was an interesting spectacle in cultured Boston, Tuesday, when a riotous mob of 2,000 anarchists and socialists marched to the State capitol and threatened to clean it out if the State didn't provide employment for them. They would have to extend their march to Washington to reach the Capitol where rests the responsibility of labor's present wants.

When Thomas G. Shearman tried to explain to the people of Gloversville, N. Y., a village that has suffered more business depression in proportion to its population than any town in the empire state, that the Wilson bill was framed in their interest, that well-known free-trader stirred up such a hornet's nest that he had to be escorted to his hotel by the police.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

McKinley could not have said more in a column and a half than he said in these twenty-one words of his speech before the Republican Clubs of Ohio, Tuesday: "The people are tired of this tariff-tinkering, bond-issuing, debt-increasing, Treasury-depleting, business-paralyzing, wage-reducing, Queen-restoring administration." No administration was ever better described in fewer words.

The Ingham county grand jury finished its labor by announcing ten indictments in the salaries' amendment case, and to the surprise and chagrin of those democratic journals that have been endeavoring to make political capital of the affair the name of Attorney-General Adolphus A. Ellis heads the list. The members of the state canvassing board and the clerks, May, Potter, Peterson, Clark, Bussey and Warren, are all in the list. Forgery, conspiracy and wilful destruction of the election records are the charges upon which Ellis must stand trial, while those against the rest of the men are little less serious.

A Tennessee statesman, while advocating the Wilson bill, asked: "Why is it in the midst of plenty we are starving?" Millions of men could answer his question by saying it is because of the false pretenses and astuteness of the Democratic party. In the midst of plenty and prosperity, such as no other people ever enjoyed, they persuaded them that the Democratic party would introduce them to a condition of ease and luxury. Instead of that, it has been "the free soup house" and the "receiver." It proposes to bring "cheap goods" from Europe, and it has already made "cheap labor" in the home market, with men too poor to buy even a cheap coat. It worried over "the cost of the poor man's dinner pail" and left the poor man to worry over anything to put in it.

The Hon. Edward McPherson, in the Gettysburg, Pa., Star and Sentinel, states that one of the most prominent democrats in the country said to him immediately after the election of Cleveland in 1892: "You know as well as I that wages are on stilts in this country; that you republicans are responsible for this condition. You know further that the rates of wages now prevailing in this country cannot and ought not to be maintained. We democrats are determined to take out all the props which you have put in, and let wages down to their proper level. If this can be done without creating a panic, our reform will be a success. But if it should, unfortunately, be accompanied by serious business disturbance then we will, of course, have a deluge at the next election. But we are determined to try it."

The Richmond, Va., Times, owned and edited by Joseph Bryan, a member of the State Democratic Executive Committee, devotes a page to proving that the elections in Virginia are not honestly conducted. In one instance it shows that the democrats in one precinct voted the names of 101 dead men or men who had moved out of the district.

The cuckoos are all saying "Hurry the Wilson bill through the Senate." They don't seem to have the least idea of the proper solemnities attending a funeral. "Funeral Director" Cleveland should issue instructions. The Senate is different from the House. It is no Cookran circus.

A Lesson From the Past.

The best lessons in politics, as in everything else, are those of experience. When we can learn from the past how a given doctrine or policy has worked in a practical test of its alleged excellence, the instruction is particularly valuable in the present consideration of a similar proposition. Such a lesson is conveyed in the following extract from a speech delivered by Daniel Webster sixty years ago:

"Mr. President, in the midst of ample means of national and individual happiness, we have unexpectedly fallen into severe distress. Our course has been suddenly arrested. The general pulse of life stands still, and the activity and industry of the country feels a pause. A vastly extended, and beneficent commerce is checked, manufactures suspended with incalculable injury to those concerned in them, and the labors of agriculture threatened with the loss of their usual reward. Our resources are, nevertheless, at the same time, abundant, and all external circumstances highly favorable and advantageous, such as fairly promised us not only a continuance of that degree of prosperity which we have actually enjoyed, but its rapid advancement, also, to still higher stages. The condition of the country is indeed singular. It is like that of a strong man chained. In full health, with strength unabated and all its faculties unimpaired, it is yet incapable of performing its accustomed action. Fetters and manacles are, on its limbs."

This describes the situation that now exists in this country, as if the words had only been spoken yesterday; and the explanation is practically the same now that it was then. Webster simply recounted the effects of a year's operation of the tariff law of 1833, by which all duties were to be reduced within ten years to a horizontal rate of 20 per cent ad valorem.

The Free Trade Gettysburg.

The most fanatical devotees of the Cleveland fetish will hardly be prepared to deny that the election of Tuesday in Pennsylvania was a direct blow at the Wilson bill. There was no Maynardism in the struggle; no local issues interfered with a clear, unhampered, unequivocal expression by the voters of Pennsylvania on the greatest issue that has been before the people since treason challenged the existence of the Union. And the Keystone State has now presented itself as a bulwark against the enemies of the national welfare and the would be destroyer of American industries, just as it was a bulwark, thirty years ago, against the invading hosts of secession. The platforms of the two parties set forth, in unmistakable language, the issue on which Pennsylvania delivered the decision of Tuesday:

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania and the people of our great commonwealth, as well, declare war upon the Wilson bill, unceasing war, in House and Senate, and its Senators and Representatives in Congress, including the Congressman at large nominated to day, are requested to make this warfare felt in every wise and patriotic way, to the end that, by the defeat of the Wilson bill, American workmen, producers and manufacturers may resume that prosperity which the country had but a single year ago.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Every consideration of political honor, fidelity and expediency demands the pledges upon which the victory of 1892 was won shall be faithfully and fully kept, and that the Democratic Congress shall revise the tariff by promptly passing the Wilson bill. We call upon our representatives in Congress so to act and vote as to promptly determine this issue in accordance with democratic promises, and democratic professions.

Upon these declarations, the issue was joined and fought to the conclusion recorded in the dispatches announcing the greatest plurality for the republican party ever given for any party or candidate in a Pennsylvania election. That plurality is the answer of the North to the proclamation of war by the South upon Northern industries, Northern prosperity, Northern civilization and progress. It is the answer of Pennsylvania to Arkansas and Florida and Mississippi. It is the answer from forge to factory, from mine and farm, to the message of fanaticism and ruin from bayon and everglades. It is the thunder of another Gettysburg, marking the recoil of the free trade charge against the citadel of Northern industry. As Pennsylvania has spoken, so will the Union speak in November.

Song of the Cuckoo.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! I'm loyal and true I swallow my dissent without ado Unheeding Republican hubbaloos. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

I heed not the laughter of friend or foe, I swallow my dissent, my dissent of crow, For my stomach is rubber, my face is dough. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Yes, carrots are better, food is right, Lager is buttermilk, black is white, If Grover says so, for Grover's all right. Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Let him say what he will, he's sure to please, Queen Lili is an angel, or chick is cheese, When Grover says so, I'm bound to agree. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

The Writing on the Wall.

The writing's seen upon the wall, The future holds more real surprises; The tale th' elections told last fall, Old Pennsylvania emphasizes.

The country's industries to guard, The people rise with zeal most hearty, And soon they'll slay down mighty hand, Upon the democratic party.

"What the Democratic newspapers say: Good times are knocking at the door, Prosperity is here. As last, and eighteen ninety-four Will be the banner year."

The facts: Cash, silverware, half clothed, half fed, To grin despair a prey, The crowd in search of work and bread 1 crosses over today.

"On every hand we perceive distress, Poverty and starvation. And the blame for the people's wretchedness, As even its warmest friends confess, Lies on the Administration."

Has anybody heard from Pennsylvania. They had an election in that state to elect a Congressman-at-large, and the Wilson bill was the issue. It isn't now. It was buried under the biggest republican majority that Pennsylvania ever rolled up in all her born days. Talk about your land slides and eyelines—they are tame things to try with this Pennsylvania affair was a regular Gibraltarian knockout. There isn't any democratic party left in Pennsylvania. It now properly comes under the head of "Scattering." And the worst scattered party, too, that you ever saw.

That was a remarkable scene in Congress, yesterday, when the old war horse, General Sikles, turned to face the democratic majority and to kick his party in the face, as it were, and when Amos Cummings flung at the democratic leaders the blunt, "You didn't call him to order at Gettysburg." Verily, verily, those "troublesome colts" are doing the high jinks in a very democratic way. This is what comes of trying to bulldoze old soldiers and of observing Washington's birthday.

At a Woman Suffrage meeting held in Detroit, last week, Miss Kinman said "that Christ objected to women doing housework, and she thought they should try to rise above such degradation." Many are attempting to rise, but we would like to know if she wants the men to do it. Should not wonder.

At Bendleton, Ore., recently 100 head of horses sold at 86 cents each, and 3,000 good sheep, which a year ago were worth \$3.50 per head, sold for 65 cents each.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. FOURNIER, Druggist.

Boss McKane, the Graveyard, N. Y., ballot box stuffer and general violator of the election laws, was sentenced, last Monday, to confinement in the penitentiary for six years. He will be free from the hardships of the Wilson Bill, while within its walls, and when released it will have been repealed.

A Quarter Century Test.

For a quarter of a century, Dr. King's New Discovery has been tested and the millions who have received benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. A remedy that has given universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is positively guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is admitted to be the most reliable remedy for Coughs and Colds. Trial bottle free, at L. Fournier's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

The New York Weekly Press and the AVALANCHE will be furnished our subscribers for \$1.30 and the Detroit Weekly Tribune and the AVALANCHE for \$1.30.

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back, and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures, but without any good result. About a year ago, he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often give almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for a large bottle, at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

SUDDEN DEATH!

The Community Shocked.

"Last evening, just after tea, while Mr. Thomas Hartman, a prominent and highly-respected citizen, apparently in the best of health and spirits, was reading a newspaper, the sheet suddenly fell to the floor; he placed one hand over his heart, gasped, and sank back in his chair, evidently unconscious. The family were stricken with consternation, and immediately summoned a physician. But it was too late. The old gentleman was dead. Physicians gave heart disease as the cause."

Every day the papers contain statements similar to the above. Even youth is no defense against heart disease, and the awful rapidity with which it is claiming victims forces upon all a conviction of its prevalence. Reader, if you have a symptom of this dread disease, do not hesitate a moment in attending to it. Delay is always dangerous, and in heart disease too often fatal. Some symptoms of heart disease are shortness of breath, fluttering, or palpitation, pain or tenderness in left side, shoulder, or arm, irregular pulse, smothering, weak or hungry spells, fainting spells, dizziness, etc.

Charles Haven, York, Pa., writes: "I suffered from heart disease 22 years. Frequently my heart would seem to jump into my mouth, and my condition made me very nervous. Physicians gave me no relief. I became so much worse that I was not expected to live, but was induced as a last resort to use Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure. The second day I felt greatly relieved, and at the end of five days I felt like a king. My gratitude is too deep for expression."

For sale by L. Fournier & Fournier.

\$5,000 REWARD!

THE SHERIFF will please arrest every person suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Salt Rheum and all Blood and Liver diseases and take them to the drug store of either Harry Evans or L. Fournier and compel them to buy a bottle of Australian Blood Purifier, as that is the latest and greatest known Blood Purifier. I never fail to restore your health when used according to directions. If you are troubled with Catarrh, try L. Fournier's Catarrh Cure. Physicians should prescribe the above remedies, as they are recommended by all the best medical authorities. Free book at druggists, or by mail.

FALL FASHIONS!

For Fall and Winter Suitings, go to the Rooms of J. GIBBONS & SON, FASHIONABLE TAILORS. Buttons made to order. Shop on corner of Cedar St. and Michigan Av., up stairs. Rear of J. K. Wright's Law Office.

DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP

Is the best medicine for all diseases incident to children. It regulates the bowels, assists dentition, cures diarrhea and dysentery in the worst form; cures colic and is a certain preventive of diphtheria; quiets and soothes all pain incident to the dentition; cures all colds, all croup, all whooping cough, all measles and all other diseases incident to children. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the above diseases. It is a household necessity. It is a sure cure for all the above diseases. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the above diseases. It is a household necessity. It is a sure cure for all the above diseases.

For sale by H. W. Evans.

PATENTS

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and in most cases a written opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the business. They will tell you whether your invention is new and whether it can be patented. A full and complete description of your invention, with drawings, if necessary, will be sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and electrical inventions, and a list of the names of the inventors. MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

CHEAP... Beyond Question the BEST WEEKLY for Farm and Home.

THE ORANGE JUDD FARMER. FOUNDED BY ORANGE JUDD. AND EDITED BY HIS SON, JAMES STRONG JUDD. A CHOICE OF FIVE FREE BOOKS. A choice of five free books will be sent to every subscriber for one year. The books are: 1. The Farmer's Almanac. 2. The Farmer's Calendar. 3. The Farmer's Directory. 4. The Farmer's Gazetteer. 5. The Farmer's Handbook. Send for your free books. Address: ORANGE JUDD FARMER, Chicago, Ill. Send Subscriptions to this Office.

GOOD ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address: Wilbur F. Wake-man, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

Fournier's Drug Store.

When you are need of anything in the line of DRUGS, MEDICINES, SCHOOL SUPPLIES, BOOKS, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY AND TOILET ARTICLES, It will pay you to call at the CORNER DRUG STORE.

FINE TOBACCOS AND CIGARS, A SPECIALTY.

Physician's Prescriptions carefully compounded at ALL HOURS, by a competent druggist.

LORANGER & FOURNIER, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!



AT BRADEN & FORBE'S FURNITURE ROOMS! WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASES and BURIAL CASES, Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good HEARSE will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpse.

HARRY W. EVANS,

[Successor to LABABEE.]

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Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals,

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CONFECTIONERY; CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Also a full line of Stationery, School Tablets, &c., &c

Great SLAUGHTER!!

TO REDUCE OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c.

We will offer our entire stock, which is comprised of the best goods money can buy, at less THAN ACTUAL COST.

Here are a few bargains:

Usters worth \$9.00 for \$ 6.49.

Suits " 12.50 for 7.49.

" " 8.00 for 4.25.

" " 12.50 for 8.00.

These are bargains which will go fast, so be among the first. This is no advertisement, but a genuine

SLAUGHTER SALE.

R. MEYER & CO.

Conner Building, Grayling, Mich.

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

HAVE several pieces of Real Estate for sale or exchange, that will offer good margin to investors.

AMONG THEM ARE THE FOLLOWING:

A Cheap House and desirable Lot on Cedar Street.

The vacant lot on corner of Cedar and Ottawa Streets.

Two vacant lots on Peninsular Avenue. Very desirable.

Two lots corner of Ottawa and Maple Streets.

Several choice lots on Brink's addition.

GOOD HOUSE. TWO LOTS, BARN, FINE SHRUBBERY, etc., corner Peninsular Avenue and Ogemaw Street. Cheap.

A number of good farms.

Six Houses and Lots in Jonesville.

Fine Brick Store in Hudson.

Any of the above property will be sold on terms to suit purchasers, or exchanged for other property.

Jan 29, 1894

O. PALMER

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

SOME POPULAR SONGS.

THE TRIVIAL INCIDENTS THAT CALLED THEM FORTH.

Circumstances Under Which Many Famous Songs Have Been Written.—"The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Swanee River"—Inspiring Songs of the War.

Ways of Song Writers.

It is interesting to notice in what trivial circumstances many popular songs have had their origin, for the poet, however full his soul may be of the spirit of poetry, needs a "provocation," that is to say, he finds his inspiration in circumstances which to other people would be of very trifling moment.

No object could be imagined more destitute of attractiveness than an old oaken bucket hanging in an old well, and yet to this homely feature of country life the world owes one of its most dearly cherished songs. "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written about 1817 by Samuel Woodworth. He was a queer genius. With excellent opportunities for self-advancement he failed to improve any of them, and to the end of his days, in spite of his various attempts to found newspapers and magazines, he remained a "tramp printer." Never content to stay in one locality more than a few months at a time, he wandered from place to place, living in a desultory fashion, but always contented and generally happy. One hot day in the summer of 1817 he left the office in New York



"JUST RUBBED HIS OLD POOL AND LOOKED AFTER THE LOWDOWN CASE."

for the purpose of taking some refreshment, and went across the street into a saloon frequented by his fellow-workmen and ordered brandy. It was set out on the bar and he poured a liberal bumper, sipped it, and called out to an acquaintance, "There is no better drink than this in the world." "Yes there is," rejoined the other. "What is it?" asked Woodworth. "A draught from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well at home," was the reply. Woodworth made no answer, but swallowed his brandy, and setting down the glass, went back to the printing office and sat down at a desk reserved for the use of printers. For an hour or two he was closely employed, and then calling to him the man who had made the remark, he read to him the now famous lines.

"Old Folks at Home."
A similar trivial incident inspired the equally famous song, "Old Folks at Home." Stephen Foster, the author, was once passing through Kentucky, and while the stage-coach was stopped at a wayside inn to permit the horses to be changed, Foster stood near, watching the operation with some degree of interest. The darkies were slow and lazy, and made no great degree of haste in performing their duty, chatting meanwhile in the manner and dialect peculiar to themselves. Finally one, deploring his hard lot, said: "I wish I was back with the old folks at home." "Where was that?" asked another, and the first rejoined, "Way down upon the Suwanee river." The



"THE OLD SEXTON."

novelty of the expressions caught the quick ear of the poet. He recognized in them and the theme they suggested an appropriate subject for a song, and that evening when he reached his destination wrote both words and music. A chord was touched in the human heart, the song was instantaneously successful. Over 400,000 copies were sold in the next few years, and even now no song of reminiscence is dearer to the public than the familiar strains of "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." Every wanderer who remembers with anything like affection those he has left behind finds in this plaintive melody a wealth of suggestion equaled only by that other song of home written by a man who never knew what it was to have a home.

A somewhat more unusual incident originated the famous song, "Minute Gun at Sea." R. S. Sharpe, the noted song writer of England, was once during an exceedingly tempestuous winter visiting some friends at Brighton. A severe storm came on one evening during his stay, and while the entire party were solacing themselves in the tap room of The Old Ship, an inn on the beach at this now celebrated watering place, the dull boom of a cannon was heard. All rushed to the windows, and by the flashes of lightning they could see a large ship stranded in the offing. Busy preparations were at once made to rescue the unfortunate sailors, and while boats were being launched the regular boom of the cannon came across the waters telling of their deadly peril. Sharpe saw in the incident an excellent subject, and being for some cause unable to go with the rescuing parties he

sat down in the deserted tap room and wrote the song.

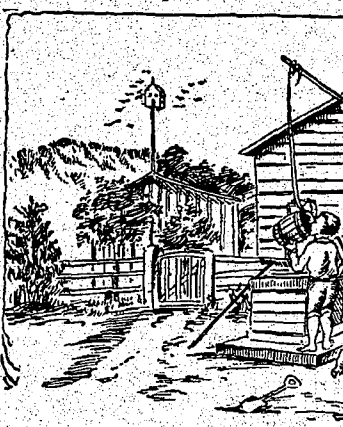
"Sally in Our Alley," a song which has been lately revived with marked success, was the work of the equally brilliant and unfortunate Henry Carey. As author, poet and dramatist he was successful, but of his extensive and fertile works the only portion which has endured is this one song. It was written as the outcome of a day's merry-making. While wading one day in the outskirts of London his attention was attracted by a young workman and his sweetheart. The young fellow was evidently determined to make the best of his holiday. He took the girl to the various sights in the vicinity, treated her to a boat ride, then



"TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND."

to a few minutes of the merry-go-round, after which he escorted her to a cheap livery house and gave her a treat of bacon and onions, cakes and ale. During the whole course of their outing they were followed by Carey, who was pleased with the simplicity of the courtship. Returning home, when the activity of the young people proved too much for his endurance, he wrote the song, which he shortly afterward published himself, as no publisher could be induced to touch it. It was greeted with a storm of ridicule. All London roared with laughter at the idea of a man making a song on such a subject. It was pronounced low, coarse and vulgar, and Carey was denounced the Alley Poet. He was thrown into despair by its reception, and swore he would write no more. He did not keep his vow, nor was there any need of his doing so, for he lived to see his song make its way into the best society, and had the satisfaction of knowing that it had been sung at a court concert.

Character Songs.
Character songs, like the "Fine Old English Gentleman," are almost invariably inspired by some incident, or the sight of some face, or the contemplation of some particular person who in such cases poses as a model.



"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET THAT HUNG IN THE WELL."

Not consciously as a rule, for although some songs of this class are complimentary the majority are either satirical or satirical. The "Bold Soldier Boy," one of Lover's best character songs, was the result of seeing a young friend, Dennis Blannigan by name, for the first time rigged out in his uniform. Dennis had enlisted, and after being received had donned his uniform, and spent the last day of his liberty in strutting up and down the streets of Dublin, the admired of all beholders. Lover saw him, and amused at his innocent self-conceit, went home and wrote the song. Full of fun as it is, its innocent sarcasm was far from being appreciated by the subject of Lover's wit, and Dennis, after hearing the song for the first time, registered a vow, to use his own language, "to bate the head off of Lover for making sport of him. He never carried out his intention, however, for friends succeeded in dissuading him from his warlike intentions before he could carry them into execution, but he never quite forgave the author for during the remainder of his army life, which lasted twenty years, Dennis was always known as "The Bold Soldier Boy."

Of reminiscent military songs the annals of music are full. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," according to tradition, became the parting tune of the British army and navy about the middle of the last century. In one of the regiments then quartered in the south of England there was an



"WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER."

English bandmaster who had the not uncommon peculiarity of being able to fall in love in ten minutes with any attractive girl he might chance to meet. It never hurt him much, however, for he fell out again as readily as he fell in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town the regiment passed through. When the troops were leaving he

place where he had a sweetheart he ordered the band to play the "Girl I Left Behind Me," which, even then, was an old Irish melody. The story of his accommodating heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of officers and soldiers, began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of the century it was accounted disrespectful to the ladies for a regiment to march a way without playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Our civil war originated many songs, most of them, however, written by men who stayed at home. They accomplished wonders, however, in firing the blood of the country. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," did as much good in filling the ranks as a regi-



"THE BOLD SOLDIER BOY."

ment of recruiting officers could have done. One justly famous song was written by a man who had served his time in the ranks. "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" was the work of



"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET THAT HUNG IN THE WELL."

cess was enormous. Publishers could not get out editions fast enough to satisfy the demand. It is said that, from first to last, over 1,000,000 copies were sold, and even now, set to



"HAND SHE LIVES DOWN IN OUR ALLEY."

religious words, it is in frequent use at revivals.

Songs of Sentiment.
Of songs of sentiment almost every one is due to some trifling incident. Thomas Noel's song, "The Pauper's Drive," in which the chorus is composed of the lugubrious refrain "Rattle His Bones Over the Stones," was



"WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIBBER."

caused by the sight of a funeral, in which the hearse was a cart driven at full speed by a driver impatient to get rid of his load. "The Old Sexton" was from the pen of Park Benjamin, who wrote it after casually passing an English grave yard, crowded with tombstones and monuments. The old man who served the church as sexton was digging a grave,

and, as he worked, his spade threw up fragments of bones. The old man was not a moralist, and even his gruesome surroundings failed to prey on his spirits, for while he worked he crooned an old English ditty. The scene made a vivid impression on Benjamin, who produced such a song as he imagined the old man ought to have sung under such circumstances. But Benjamin was not different from other song-writers. All have described what they saw, not as it was, but as they imagined it ought to be. Of course they made mistakes of fact, but that has not in the least impaired the value of their writings, for the world, when viewing a picture, does not care whether it is true or not so long as it is pretty, and the business of the song-writers has always been to sketch a pretty picture.

STAMP COLLECTORS.

They Were Not Desired in the Portland Postoffice.

Persons engaged in making collections of postage stamps should not obtain situations in the postoffice, as two subordinate employees in that institution here have just been discharged on this account, says the Portland Oregonian. For some time complaints have been made that stamps were taken from letters and packages before they were delivered, and at last this became a regular nuisance. It was not possible, so the matter was put in the hands of an inspector, and after considerable trouble he ascertained that a carrier and a distributor were the culprits.

Sometimes stamps were taken off letters or packages, and sometimes the carrier would go out of his way to deliver letters with foreign or rare stamps to beg the stamps from the owner. Sometimes packages addressed to persons not known here were thrown into the waste basket in order that the stamps might be appropriated. Foreign stamps and Columbian stamps of the higher denominations were the ones chiefly desired.

Persons making collections of stamps frequently have letters sent to them from "out-of-the-way" countries merely to get the stamps, and when their letters turned up minus the stamps there was trouble. Sometimes letters arrive at the office here with the stamps gone, showing that there are stamp collectors at other offices. As soon as it was found out who the culprits were the department ordered their dismissal from the service.

How to Spoil a Horse.

The great superiority of the horse to all other dumb animals according to Mr. H. C. Merwin, is the fineness of his nervous system. Almost all the fastest horses, says the same writer, have been remarkable for their nervous, "high strung" constitutions. Others have had as good legs and as good lungs, but have lacked the necessary courage and determination, the "do or die" spirit, which makes a horse keep on after he is tired. But this very nervousness renders the horse the most irritable of creatures, the most easily worried and distressed. Upon this point Mr. Merwin makes some observations that are worth reading by all who have, or expect to have, horses of their own.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, as a besotted but intelligent stable keeper once observed to me, "A kind word for a boss is as good sometimes as a feed of oats."

A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a three-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely sensitive. His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinmen in America, once made the mistake of pulling him over or bad judgment of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness, and remained so for the rest of his life.

In dealing with a horse, more than with most animals, one ought to exercise patience, care, and above all, the power of sympathy, so as to know, if possible, the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge, and to act upon it when acquired, is a large part of the ethics of horse-keeping.

Difficulties in the Way.

"I wonder if you will be as much surprised as I was, the other day, when I learned that women are only partially eligible to benefit by an accident insurance policy," asks a correspondent. "It is true that a woman may take out such a policy; and if she is killed outright in some kind of disaster, her heirs may profit by it; so long as the breath of life can be kept in the body the woman herself gets nothing. Two points are advanced in explanation of this course. In the first place it is presumed that accident insurance is only for people who are deprived of the whole or a part of their income because of injury received, and it is also presumed that women are not self-supporting, and that their income is not affected if they are hurt. The second point is this: Although there are more men hurt in the aggregate than women, women are more liable to be hurt, consequently the companies decline to take what they consider, in their theory, at least, heavy risks."

Alligators Not Extinct in China.

It seems strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the Chinese alligator, which has long been supposed to be extinct, has been rediscovered and specimens of it sent to the Royal Zoological Gardens in London. Marco Polo was the last author to describe it. In his description he mentions a curious superstition, etc., that its gall was a specific for the cure of hydrophobia.—St. Louis Republic.

A recent poet writes: "A song sleeps in my soul unused." There is a place for that young man in the dime museum at a remunerative salary. He is the only one of his kind on record.—Atlanta Constitution.

HE SANG IN COURT.

How Little David Connelly Saved His Life From Jail.

Little David Connelly, the sweet-voiced lad, who is known all over the Pacific coast, sang his father out of jail in the Spokane Police Court, Tuesday. David Connelly, Sr., had been arrested for being drunk, and had been fined \$1 and costs by Judge Miller. Then David appeared. Inspector Gough was an admirer of the lad, and so was Prosecutor Plattor. At their request the little fellow sang in a voice of affecting sweetness, "Kiss and Let's Make Up." Judge Miller listened, and when he had concluded asked his name.

"David Connelly," said the lad.

"Why—ahem—whose your father?" asked the judge, with a suspicion of tenderness in his voice.

"Why, he's the man you just sent to jail," said the little fellow.

"I think we had better let the father go for the boy's sake," said Mr. Plattor.

"Sing 'My Mother's Picture,'" suggested Inspector Gough, and the boy sang with tender emotion the appeal of the child not to sell his mother's portrait. It was a sweet, pathetic refrain that brought emotions to the heart.

"Does your father get drunk often?" asked the judge as he looked sympathetically at the little singer.

"No, sir; this is the first time in a year," he replied. "And judge, if you will let him go, I'll have work at the Louvre next week and bring you the money for his fine."

"You—why, what do you earn?"

"Seventeen dollars and a half a week," replied David, and in another minute it was arranged and the parent was allowed to go.—Portland Oregonian.

Atchis in Globules.

More jokes should be labeled. Every one has a different idea of heaven.

There is always more or less dirt in a man's pocket.

There are a good many rabbits playing the lion parts.

We are willing to bet that the devil is a married man.

Being good is awfully proper, but awfully uninteresting.

People are so silly themselves that they dislike it in others.

A man who courts trouble will soon find himself married to it.

Men never become so old that they are not a little scared by a bluff.

In order to have steady company, a girl should only have one man.

We are all inclined to waste too much powder when the enemy is not in sight.

This is awfully cold weather if you are sleeping with some one you don't like.

Which of the veins in a man's body is the popular one? We should like to strike it.

It is said of some men that they are afraid to propose, who don't want to propose.

A married woman's description of an ideal man is a picture of the kind she didn't get.

There is so little excuse for conceit that we wonder that so many are afflicted with it.

We have noticed that when an ink man comes in to sell us ink, he always laughs at our jokes.

If you want to find the warmest spot in the house in winter, and the coldest in summer, follow the cat.

If a man is poor, it is observed much sooner when he begins to show signs of insanity than if he is rich.

It is a wonder that young men are as gallant as they are, all their women folk at home wait on them.

A man abuses his country and his wife so much for his troubles that the proper one to blame gets off easy.

Our idea is that the breast of a rabbit, nicely browned, with gravy, brings better luck than its left hind foot.

Nearly every man has a grievance against his wife because she doesn't say often that he is overworked.

Some women's idea of acting as if they were always used to riches, is to go to bed and send for a doctor every time they have an ache.

It is all right to keep a goose bone in your house, if you also have the goose grease. One may foretell trouble, but the other will prevent it.

Another drawback to a parlor grate is that the young man can't hold his girl's hands as much as he would like, because he has to poke the fire or freeze.

The Peat Fields of England.

Englishmen of science are turning their attention to peat, otherwise turf, the deposits of which fuel in Great Britain and Ireland are too numerous and extensive to admit of their being disregarded as potential sources of wealth. The government has recently instituted an inquiry in various peat producing countries of Europe as to the utilization of peat, and moss litter. Unfortunately, being a surface deposit, peat found no recognized place in the maps of the "solid geology" of the country prepared by our Geological Survey; but the omission will, it is believed, be made good to some extent, in the drift maps now in course of construction. That they are very extensive may be inferred from a partial account of our peat bogs which Dr. Fream has prepared and included in a paper on this subject just published in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal. Peat is very largely dug in the moorlands of Somerset, near Edington and Shapwick, between Glastonbury and Highbridge. Some of these beds have been worked for fuel from the time of the Romans, and probably earlier. In Devonshire, the Torbay submerged forest comprised peat beds that have yielded Roman remains, and that rest on clay or estuarine mud. On Dartmoor there is peat in places thirty feet thick.

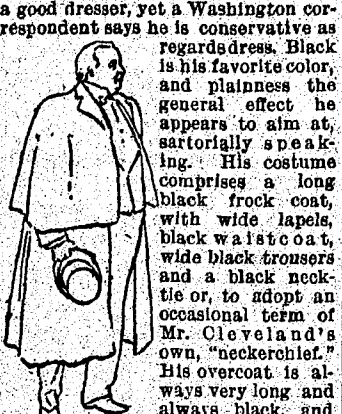
Soot and Smoke.

A machine, designed to separate the soot from the smoke which the fires of manufactories yield, has been invented by a Mr. Elliott, of Birmingham, England, and tried successfully for several months past in the mint where the correspondent has examined the device, and declares it to be perfectly simple and manageable.

An old dyspeptic looks crusty when he finds out that the pie that he had the night before does not agree with him.—Pittsburg.

CLEVELAND AND HIS CLOTHES.

The President is a Nobby Dresser and Abandons His Old Clothes.



President Cleveland may be called a good dresser, yet a Washington correspondent says he is conservative as regards dress. Black is his favorite color, and plainness the general effect he appears to aim at, sartorially speaking. His costume comprises a long black frock coat, with wide lapels, black waist coat, wide black trousers and a black necktie or, to adopt an occasional term of Mr. Cleveland's own, "neckerchief." His overcoat is always very long and always black, and his hat high, glossy (not "shiny") and of the stovepipe pattern. All this, be it understood, when he is seen on what may be called public functions—making a speech, opening an exposition, or riding in a procession.

The President's shoes on official occasions are square, wide and laced. The heels are low and the soles "beveled." Mr. Cleveland does not like "shined" shoes. His foot leather is rubbed and brushed only. Mr. Cleveland pays from \$12 to \$25 a pair



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT HOME

for shoes. He was once fond of the congress make, but seems to have abandoned them now. In dress suits the President follows the prevailing fashion. The Presidential linen is invariably white, never dotted or lined—that is, on occasions when Mr. Cleveland is seen officially or quasi-officially. The President's linen does not shine with starch. It has what laundries call "domestic finish."

Mr. Cleveland wears black cloth slippers at home, and when the exigencies of public business necessitate a disturbance of his domesticity he is generally found in a dressing gown of dark-blue material. When he dines at home he wears a dress suit.

What may be termed the President's special outfits include a fisherman's suit and a shooting outfit. Mr. Cleveland possesses a full equipment of oilskins, all yellow, even to the hat, which fits both ways, so to speak, with long proper official-looking blinkers back and front. This suit shelters the wearer from rain and spray, and explains Mr. Cleveland's readiness to go fishing in all sorts of weather. The President's fisherman equipment includes stout boots which come up to the knees, and into which his trousers are tucked. When the President is out with gun he looks pretty much like the average sportsman.

Ants Larger Than Foxes.

Pliny, that rare old gossip, tells, among his rather extraordinary stories, that of the Bactrian method of obtaining gold. The sandy deserts of Bactria in the days of that historian were, so the old man says, literally swarming with ants "slightly bigger than foxes." These gigantic representatives of the genus homonoptera burrowed deeply into the sandy wastes, their tunnels and galleries often being hundreds of feet in extent. The earth removed from these burrows was always carried to the outside and thrown up in hills (remember Pliny says this) "of a big-ness exceeding that of a palace."

This debris—sand, earth, etc.—was soon found to be wonderfully rich in small nuggets of gold. The danger from the ants was greater, however, than that from the Indians in the early days of gold-digging in the western United States, and many stories are told of men who were literally devoured in a few moments by the fierce owners of some disturbed burrow. Some observing old hunter at last discovered that the giant ants slept during the hottest hours of the day. After that the seekers after the yellow metal only made their incursions at the proper time, and even then they only stayed long enough in the deserts to fill their sacks with the golden sand, which they took home to sift at leisure. With all this precaution the ants often "swiftly" pursued the fleetest horses, and it was only by using various stratagems that the invaders managed to escape alive.

A French Duel.

If the French are prone to challenge each other to fight duels on the smallest provocation, they are almost prone to bring them to an end with very little fighting.

It is credibly related that, on the occasion of a duel between two members of the chamber of deputies, one of the combatants was taken with a fit of bleeding at the nose just as they came upon the field.

"Blood!" exclaimed one of the seconds of the other man. "Blood has been shed. The honor of my principal has been satisfied."

And the parties and their seconds thereupon gravely left the field.

"Was it a specialist you went to have your lungs examined?" I don't think so. He couldn't find anything wrong with them.—Life.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.
To get out of the world for the sake of getting out of debt is suicidal.—Pittsburg.

In the free soup the onion covers a multitude of sins of omission.—Plain Dealer.

"I don't claim," said St. Gaudens, "that my model looks well at first blush."—Plain Dealer.

If the immortals grew old, what an ancient specimen Cupid would be!—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

The grip microbe is supposed to have started on its mission in the lodge-room.—Lowell Courier.

Sir:—What a strong face that man has! He—Yes; it carries him everywhere.—Detroit Free Press.

When a good idea strikes a musician it is only proper that he should make a note of it.—Buffalo Courier.

The widower about to remarry is the most unselfish of mortals. He seldom thinks of number one.—Life.

A man never appreciates what a good servant his memory has been until he forgets something.—Milwaukee Journal.

Fred:—"Is there any chance for me to win her?" Arthur:—"Oh, yes; she's engaged to eight or nine young fellows."—Truth.

From the way some men offer prayers it is difficult to tell whether they are ministers or auctioneers.—Elmira Gazette.

Old lady from the country (at the lace exhibit):—"Five dollars a yard, eh? That must be all wool, ain't it?"—Philadelphia Record.

It depends entirely upon how much she has whether or not it embarrasses a woman to have her back hair come down.—Atchison Globe.

"There is some meat in this poem," said the poet, as he handed it to the editor. "We ain't had a pound in a week."—Alton Democrat.

Why is a policeman called a copper? Can it be because it plays an important part when a collection is taken up?—Philadelphia Times.

MANAGER:—"Ah, madam! you sing from your heart." Prima Donna:—"Yes; I've always been complimented on my chest tones."—Puck.

JACK:—"What did that horse cost you?" TOM:—"It cost me all the respect I ever entertained for the man I bought it from."—Tid-Bits.

"What's that furniture dealer say when you told him that mirror he sent up was cracked?" "Said he'd look into it."—Buffalo Courier.

A man may devote all his time to hunting and succeed, but to amount to anything as a fisherman he must know where to draw the line.—Buffalo Courier.

PAT:—"That be that yez are drinkin' in wid yer whisky?" MIKE:—"Apollinaris, Pat." PAT:—"How d'uz it taste?" MIKE:—"As if me fut war asleep!"—Harper's Bazar.

A KENSINGTON girl who is engaged in a law office told a youth whose hand she rejected that she would always be a sister-in-law to him.—Philadelphia Record.

SHE:—"Is it true that a lover never eats anything?" HE:—"Not after he becomes engaged." SHE:—"Why not?" HE:—"Because he has any money to spare."—Brooklyn Life.

HICKS:—"What a curious acting chap Albert is! Sometimes I think his mind cannot be right!" WICK:—"Don't you think it too bad to blame it on his mind?"—Boston Transcript.

"Why do you sign your name J. John F. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins. "Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."—Life's Calendar.

AT THE SALON:—"Can you tell me what that picture represents?" "That is Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her?" "Never in my life. I seldom read the papers."—L'Intransigeant.

FRIEND of the family:—"Why did you promise your daughter's hand to that idiot Sottileigh, and then refuse to let him marry her?" Stern parent:—"I wanted something to boot."—Philadelphia Record.

"Does literature pay?" asked the idler. "I should say so," replied the country editor. "Every time we print a poem the author comes in and buys at least twenty copies of the paper to send away."—Washington Star.

PAT has offered his school-fellow a bite from his apple, and is astonished at the large portion measured off by Mike's teeth. "Here, I say; hold on there, hold on!" (Then correcting himself.) "When I say 'hold on' I mean let go!"—Boston Transcript.

HAD BEEN TO CHICAGO.—Teacher (in a physiology lesson):—"The next process in digestion is called chymification. During this the food is turned around and around in the stomach." Tommy Traddles:—"Please, sir! Is that what they call the danse du ventre?"—Life.

MUGGINS:—"See that poor devil in the rain without any umbrella? Every rainy day I see him in the same predicament, and on clear days he always carries an umbrella. Who is he? do you know?" Bugkins:—"That's our local weather forecaster."—Philadelphia Record.

A Big Nugget of Silver.
Supt. Read sent down from the Diamond Company's mine last Monday a nugget of ore weighing 2,280 pounds, which was shipped Wednesday to the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, and which is to represent Eureka County. The nugget is 13 feet 10 inches long, 18 inches wide, and 18 inches thick. It assays 82 per cent. in silver per ton, and 18 per cent. in lead. The nugget when quarried out in the mine was about double its present size, but was too large to haul up the shaft, and had to be broken.—Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.

WHEN it comes to conversation the barber has the edge on us.—Galveston News.

